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is
From
John Wanamaker.

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The Christening of Middletown.

BY THE ODESSA BARD.

(Republished from the TRANSCRIPT of Sept. 19, 1868.)

From the remotest antiquity, the human mind has ever evinced a tendency to travel backward from effects to causes, from supply to source, from the culmination to the origin of every event in history and every creation in nature.

This principle, if I may so term it, is, indeed, the prolific matrix of all the vast accumulated knowledge of the world—a fact satisfactorily demonstrated by Miss Jewsbury in her "Neighbors over the way,"—and from the little-tattle, gossiping microcosm of every country village to the profoundest and sublimest heights of science, it maintains the same maternal relation to information that Necessity holds to invention. Laudable Curiosity, then, is the magic key—the talismanic "sesame" which unlocks the iron-clad cell of many a golden truth, and flings wide open the doors of Nature's mysterious and hidden mysteries.

It is somewhat curious, however, to observe that, there is sometimes accompanying this principle of the mind to retrace the past, a peculiar reticence or convenient obliviousness, especially in researches for pedigree and investigation of political antecedents. For instance: I have in my mind's eye a most worthy and excellent gentleman—eccentric it may be, but thoroughly correct in his walk and life—who has spent a handsome patrimony and the major part of half a century in efforts to establish before the world a bee-line connection of his own family with a notable Cornish dukedom in the reign of the Conqueror. His labors may have been crowned with some of that success which diligent toil has a legitimate right to expect, had not a pious kinsman incontinently declared that the ladder of dual descent lost two of its rungs in the Old Bailey, another by an *outrier* over the Channel, one in the Spanish Galleys, and several by the intervention of low mechanics, green grocers, and the frailties of the weaker sex, irrespective of race and color.

Some notable instances of this oblivion of political antecedents were developed by our recent civil war, fully illustrating the diplomatic maxim that the success or failure of an undertaking is the correct measure of its morality and justice. The great and good Washington never became the acknowledged patriot until he ceased to be regarded as a rebel. Mr. Pickwick's joy over the discovery of his famous stone, and Goldsmith's veteran of the Deserted Village, who "Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won," are indicative of the proneness of the human mind, like the timid and feeble hare, to double and retrace its course. But it is in the province of history that the most interesting and extraordinary discoveries have been made by this retroactive operation of the mind. True, there are some points of historic interest not yet fixed and settled to the satisfaction of all men. The origin of "Our American citizens of African descent"—the real surname of the great tanner, not of Joppa, but of Chicago—the leaning tower of Pisa—the real conspirators in whose stead Mrs. Surratt and her friends were murdered—the amount plundered from the National Treasury since the fourth day of March, 1861—the aggregate amount either in bulk, weight or currency value, of works of art, plate, jewels, libraries, and ten thousand other fabrics, now decorating Northern and Western homes, their owners and friends—the amount of specie, spoons and their metallic cognates General Butler acquired at New Orleans, and the real amount of the National debt, and the character and time of its payment—all are questions the solution of which must be left to the "coming time." So many, however, are the facts indisputably established by the labors of the historian, that we may well afford patiently to await the slow but sure developments of time and events to disclose to our admiring senses still very many more undiscovered virtues and moralities of modern patriotism. Among the multitude of recently established discoveries are, the practicability of the sub-oceanic cable—the perfect and complete capacity, not only for self-government, but for the government of over five millions of Anglo-Saxons, lodged in three millions of African slaves, and the settlement and christening of that onward-moving, ever-thriving, always-bustling, wide-awake community and corporation dwelling on the line of the Delaware Railroad, thirty miles, more or less, south of the city of Wilmington, and rejoicing in the modest yet euphonious name of Middletown.

Three miles to the east by south, reposes in "otum cum dignitate," the quiet but beautiful village of Odessa, once the great grain depot for a vast extent of country, and the scene of unusual commercial activity, but now the resort of gentlemen and families of means desiring quiet and seclusion.

The time was when the country for many miles around, and even in some of the counties of the "Eastern Shore," carried on all its trade of export and import through the town of Odessa, then Cantwell's Bridge. But in no section of our land has that great pioneer of progress and improvement, the "Iron Horse," wrought greater changes than has the Delaware Railroad accomplished for the Peninsula lying between the Delaware and Chesapeake waters. I have neither the time nor space to notice further this mighty revolution, nor do I write in any invidious spirit of rivalry, criticism or disparagement, but

I would lay it down as an economical maxim for all communities to observe in the future—Never reject the friendly overtures of a manifestly coming Railroad.

But Middletown has a history. That of her venerable sister, Odessa, was given to the world years ago; and the writer of these pages well remembers an incident which occurred about that period, inspiring him to wander back to, and grope through the twilight of colonial history in search of the annals here recorded. A gentleman of prominence and intelligence, of the name of McKim or McKey, then living in or near the township of Appoquinimink, assured the writer that the original and Indian name of Cantwell's Bridge was the same as that of the river and township; that on a hunting or piscatory excursion, or, it may have been some other expedition, or some of his neighbors, there was fished up from the bottom of the river near the town, a remarkable stone most curiously wrought and sculptured, and fully corroborative of the published researches and discoveries of the historian of Odessa. The English translation of the name, "Appoquinimink," had long been known to some of the residents to be "Crippled Duck," and as the Aborigines never gave names to localities or objects without great significance of meaning, not only was the written history completely vindicated and settled, but the characters upon the stone were interpreted and read with distinguished accuracy. Through the politeness and kindness of the gentleman above named, the writer once saw this remarkable petrous monument of Indian art. To the best of his recollection, it was about fifteen inches in length, six or seven in width, and three or four in thickness, irregularly parallelogram in shape and porphyritic in appearance and composition. Evidently it had lain in its watery bed for centuries, and the edges and upper side, and the characters thereon sculptured were worn smooth as glass by the attrition of the current, whilst the side next to the ground was corrugated. The artist had carved a canoe, in the stern of which was seated an old Indian Brave, in the act of paddling. In the bow was seated an Indian maid, his daughter, engaged in the humane offices of setting and bandaging the broken wing of a wounded teal. Above the head of the former and the shoulders of the latter, were sculptured their names—"Mookinkiska," and "Omeka"—and beneath the vessel, in pure Manahoe, the word—"Appoquinimink."

It was the design of Mr. McKey to present this rare specimen of aboriginal art to the Historical Society of Delaware, with an elaborate paper from the pen of a distinguished local historian in the city of Wilmington.

The writer of these pages, confessing a weakness for historic lore, impelled by that principle referred to at the commencement of this article, and stimulated by the results achieved at Cantwell's Bridge, has carefully and patiently pushed his investigations up to the very moment the partridge paroxysms ushered into being the municipal infant—Middletown.

From the most authentic authorities it appears that, prior to the settlement of the island Wokoken, in 1584, the whole of the Peninsula now comprising the State of Delaware, the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland and Virginia, and a narrow strip of the bordering State of Pennsylvania, was inhabited by six independent tribes of Indians, united in a kind of federal compact for security against their war-like and formidable neighbors to the North and East—the Delawares and Lenna Lenape. This Peninsular territory, so beautiful, so luxuriant in vegetable production, and so abounding in game, fish and shell-fish, and covered by the most magnificent forests, had long been coveted by the fierce and powerful Iroquois or Five Nations stretched over a vast belt reaching from the Hudson to the Mississippi. Between them, however, and the land they coveted, lay the lands of the Delawares, Lenna Lenape and some other tribes, between whom and the Peninsular Indians existed a brisk traffic in skins and furs, for the rich productions of the more favored land. At length emissaries were sent abroad by the Iroquois, who stirred up strife, not only between the Delawares, Illinois and Lenna Lenape, but also among the Kuskarawocks, Ozimies and Yockwogh, themselves, the three most populous of the six confederated tribes.

As was designed, war was the result of these intrigues, long continued, cruel and bloody. Not only was the federal union broken up, but the six tribes composing it, and the Unalachtog, Unamies and Minis tribes composing the Lenna Lenape, together with the whole of the Munsey or Delaware nation, were completely subjugated by the Iroquois and made to pay an annual tribute to their conquerors. This tribute was paid until the time of Penn's first treaty with the Chihoholies, in December, 1682, and was chiefly in luxuries afforded by the waters of the two great bays.

En passant, I will here take occasion to remark to the immortal honor and glory of that just man, William Penn, the only one made without an oath, and the only one which had never been broken." Moreover, in June, 1744, at a pow-wow held in Lancaster, Penna., Netawatches, chief of the Turtle or head tribe of Delawares, an Indian of rare integrity and wisdom, and to whom was intrusted the custody of all the wampum, belts, treaties and archives

of the nation, declared that the dutch Governor of New York had besought the nation to place their lands on the Susquehanna in his hands for safe keeping, and advising them not to sell their lands to Onas (Penn), as he would make bad use of them—that the nation did as the Governor requested, who immediately went to England and there sold the same himself to William Penn and kept the price thereof; and that when Penn came to America to take possession of the lands, and discovered the wicked fraud, he generously, a second time, paid to the nation the price at which they were held. Hear ye this, ye traducers of the trust and best friend the Indian ever knew, and forever after hold your peace.

At the period of this universal conquest by the Five Nations, from a point on the Appoquinimink river, now known as the "Lower Granary," to another point on the head waters of the Sassafras, there ran an Indian trail, for communication between the shores of the two great bays.

This trail was in use many years after the settlement of the country by the "pale-faces," before good roads were plenty; and in some places relics of its existence may still be observed in the worn and gullied depressions, and by the spear and arrow-heads occasionally found. Between the head waters of Duck creek and the Chester river was a second, and from the Bohemia river to the high ground on the Delaware, near where New Castle now stands, ran a third trail. Hence, the first named was always known as the "Middle Portage." At a point near the present locality of St. Anne's Church, but on the north side of the ravine, the trail suddenly turned to the north-west, extending to an elevation suddenly changed its course to the south-west, and pursued a direct course to the Sassafras. The first named of these two angles was called by the early settlers, "Hanson's Post," and the other "Mound," because an Indian Sachem was there buried beneath the canopy of a huge Sycamore.

Both were trading posts, around which straggled a few log cabins and bark huts. From the Mound, a trail also struck off to the Bohemia. With the encroachment of the white settlers and the introduction of an emigrant civilization, the aborigines rapidly disappeared, some by the ravages of disease hitherto unknown to them, but chiefly by emigration to the North, where they joined the populous tribes of their conquerors.

About the year 1607 a primitive road was opened through the wilderness from the "Post" in a northerly direction until it struck the Bohemia and Delaware trail, and within the subsequent two years another was opened all the way through from the "Lower Granary" to the Sassafras. The place of intersection was called "Harrison's Corner," or more commonly, the "Corners." As additional clearings were made and brought under rude cultivation, and cabins began to appear about the "Corners," the sturdy yeomanry began to cast about them for a suitable name for the new settlement, and which now boasted of a "cheap store," a smithy, and a place of "entertainment for man and beast." Some jealous feeling had been aroused at the "Post" by the successful rivalry of the "Corners," which subsided with the waning fortunes of the former and the announcement that the latter was to be christened by the name of Middletown, to perpetuate the memory of the Indian Middle Portage.

A strong and vigorous settlement was growing at the "Mound," and coveting the title or presuming upon strength and numbers, it insisted that the "Corners" should relinquish the name to that community. Here was a bone of contention and the beginning of rivalry and strife. A fierce controversy arose, which threatened annihilation to the peace, if not to the prosperity of both parties; and as neither seemed disposed to yield to the other, and the dispute becoming sharp and angry, a public gathering of the two communities was called, to decide upon some plan for arbitration and settlement. At this period the face of the country was covered with extensive forests, interspersed in the neighborhood of the settlements by patches of clearing with the tree stumps shooting their second growth, and here and there a gigantic Sycamore or Liriodendron towering majestically above the leafy ocean. From the centre of each settlement arose one of these forest kings, its "girth of body being that of a shallop, and its branches and foliage covering a roof." The assemblage was held under a stupendous oak nearly equidistant from the two settlements. The discussions were strong and boisterous, and the convention was upon the point of breaking, when the following novel arrangement was unanimously agreed upon.

Two committees of three from each party were appointed to carry out the terms of the agreement, which were as follows:

A hole or cavity was worked in the body of each of the two trees before mentioned, about a yard from the ground, and of such depth, capacity and inclination, as would prove it a suitable substitute for an ordinary bomb, mortar or field piece. Into this was introduced a charge of gunpowder sufficiently large to cause an explosion which might plainly be heard from one settlement to the other, the charge rammed home and a train laid to a secure distance. On the open road between the two trees the middle point was accurately measured off and a ponderous stone laid thereon. Each committee selected from its own community the fleetest youth, best known for his athletic achievements and agility. These were to be seated back to back upon the boundary stone, each furnished with a flambeau or torch of resinous pine, and facing towards his own goal, and who, upon a given signal, was to fly for the firing of the train. The first explosion following, was to decide the contest in favor of the party securing it, to the complete surrender of all claim and prosecution by the other.

The high noon of the day had arrived by the time the assembly completed its labors, and the committees proceeded at once to their duties. Long before sunset the preparations were finished, and, at the "Corners" the population was gathered upon the little "Square," to learn the selection of the competitor for the contest which was to come off that night. The choice fell upon a stripling distinguished for his celerity of movements, his aversion to every species of toil and labor, and his fondness for hunting and fishing, a vagabond, wandering kind of life, and the surly landlubber's only daughter. So often had he been forbidden to enter or approach the home of his beloved, and been told to give over forever all hope of ever obtaining the object of his wishes, that both he and the young lady, who warmly reciprocated his affection, had pretty well concluded to abandon further effort and waiting. "The worthless, lazy vagabond," the old dignitary of the little "Inn" would say, "is too shiftless and idle for a son-in-law of mine. Let him go to work like other men, clear off some land and build him a cabin before he looks for a wife, and not expect me to provide him both wife and home." Sensible advice it must be admitted, but Jackson Fink did not accept it, still preferring to live on his Nimrod kind of existence.

When the committee called him forward and informed him of the honor conferred upon him, his dark eyes twinkled with delight, for he well knew, of all the young men in the settlement, there was not one who could cope successfully with his wiry, sinewy muscles. Night was approaching and it was time he should prepare for the struggle. In addition to the reward promised him by the committee, if he gained the cause, several of the villagers sought to inspire his feet with fleetness by promises, one of a jack-knife, and another of a bullet-pouch and a pound each of powder and lead. The enthusiasm of the "Corners" increased with the approach of the hour of trial, until just at the point of Jackson's starting to join his rival at the starting stone, old Dominic Friester, the landlubber, had become so thoroughly aroused to the importance of the issue and so zealous for the honor and glory of the "Corners," that he sought opportunity to whisper in Jackson's ears the comforting assurance that he "should even have Alnea yet if he would only win."

"Just go and tell the gal so, Dominic, and say the thing's done," was all that Jackson said, as his lithe and wylie-like form snaked its way to join the committee.

A deeply interested witness to the proceedings of the assembly and the preparations of the afternoon, was a beautiful Indian maid, known to all the country by the name of Medura. She was the descendant of the last chief of one of the confederated tribes, and the only remaining representative of that proud Sachem's race. She had passed her childhood in her native forest, and much of her time had been spent in companionship with Jackson, in his extra-civilized mode of living. Many were the times he had bountifully supplied the cabin in which Medura and the old crone who nursed her in infancy lived, with the productions of his snare and lines; and his appearance at their humble dwelling was always cordial and welcome.

At the gathering of the people in the little square for choosing the "runner," she loitered around the skirts of the assembly, carelessly willing away the time, until she heard the announcement that Jackson was selected for the race, when quietly and unobserved she retired into the solitudes of the forest. The intelligence boded no good or happiness to her. A suspicious apprehension that she could neither understand nor shake off seized upon her, and a premonition that her hitherto sunny sky of life was about to be obscured by some impending but indefinite cloud.

Question after question forced itself up from the depths of her heart, and, in her vain efforts to comprehend her condition and emotions, that discovery, which at the last the female heart never fails to extort from itself, burst at once upon her confused senses. It is possible she loved him! From her infancy he had been her true, tried, ever constant friend. When others had regarded her contemptuously and spoken of her as the child of a savage, had he not curbed their cruel words and showed a greater tenderness toward her? Had he not fought in her defence, nursed her in sickness, and cared for her in health? Had they not roamed the forest together in search of nuts and berries, skimmed the neighboring waters in his bark canoe, coasted the hills on the winter's snow, and frolicked on the green sward of the forest shades, in the burning heats of summer? Had they not cracked their nuts and recited their childish stories through many a long wintry evening by the old cabin's cheerful fire, and had he not twice rescued her from impending death by violence, at the imminent hazard of his own life?

All these recollections, like the rapidly succeeding images of a revolving panorama, rushed impetuously upon her, until under their potent influence, her heart beat like the pinions of a caged bird against the bars of its prison, her nostrils dilated with the labored respiration, her eyes assumed the brilliancy and fire so common to her race, and her beautiful form stood proudly erect, whilst her bosom heaved with emotions so painful and acute that she flew like lightning from their further contemplation. But Jackson was preparing for the contest. If he failed, he would be more than ever the despised and rejected vagabond. If victory crowned his struggle—alas! there was the apprehension: like a withering blast it fell upon her heart, and a sickening phantom of her bewildered senses. Gathering up the long, dark tresses of her luxuriant hair, she disappeared from the scene of this heroic trial and was never seen afterward.

The hour for the decision of the famous contest had arrived. Everything was in complete preparation; the committees had placed their runners in position upon the stone with their flaming torches in their hands. Two members of the "Mound" committee had reached the "Corners," for the purpose of witnessing, in behalf of the "Mound" party, the conclusion of the contest, one member remaining at the starting stone, whilst a similar disposal of the "Corner's" committee was in progress. Every man, woman and child in both settlements was breathlessly, painfully, almost, awaiting the thundering of the voice which would proclaim the victory. But a few moments more of acute suspense, when the signal to start was given by the two committees at the stone, by the firing of a gun. Swift as grey-hounds, each runner dashed from his post, and with the celerity of the wind, approached the train he sought to fire. Jackson seemed rather to fly than run, and shouts of the wildest enthusiasm greeted him in deafening outbursts from the whole assemblage at the "Corners," as he leaped along the course.

"Hurrah for Jackson! the victory's ours! hip, hip, hurrah!" yelled the people. "She's yours, Jock, my boy, the gal's yours, sure as my name is Dominic Friester, if you only'll do it," fairly yelled the excited landlubber, in the hearing of the whole assemblage. Only once did Jackson cast his eye from the object of his reaching, and that was, as, like an arrow he flew past the house so long barred against his ingress. A single glance revealed to his keen penetration a well-known form perched upon the ridge-pole of the dwelling, and waving in her hands a silver wolf's skin he had once given her for a counterpane, the capture of which, in a regular hand-to-hand fight, had cost him a quart of his best blood and a pound or so of pectoral and popliteal muscle. His flight now became almost invisible. The cries and shouts—"Hurrah for Jackson! Hurrah for Middletown!" now became frantic, as he sprang to apply his blazing torch to the train and then flung it, wrapped and roaring in flame, a hundred yards beyond him. The powdery train sprouted out its starry scintillations of fire as the burning stream hurried toward the magazine, amid the wilder shouts of the settlers, until when, within a few feet of its destination, it suddenly disappeared, plunging the whole scene in worse than Egyptian darkness. For a second of time only was heard the deafening, despairing cry for fire, torches, and Heaven knows what not; when, from the very pinnacle of the grand old primitive giant of the centuries, with the speed of the lightning, shot a bolt of fire like a shooting star or meteor, down to the very throat of the wooden excavation. Immediately thereafter belched forth from its yawning mouth a volume of flame that illumined the heavens for miles around, accompanied by an explosion which shook, as with an earthquake, the solid earth from the Delaware to the Chesapeake. For one moment the noisy crowd was staggered and awed into profound silence by this heavenly interposition, until a similar explosion, a little subdued by the intervening distance, reminded the dwellers at the "Corners," that theirs was the victory, and that Middletown was christened in a baptism of fire.

Old Dominic proved equal to his word, for, said he, "although an angel or a devil may have exploded the cannon, Jackson surely won the race and fired the train, and I will never go back on my plighted promise." The lovers were speedily spliced, and, as his old companion in wandering had disappeared—no one knew whither—and some new responsibilities and duties began to crowd upon him, Jackson wisely abandoned his vagaries and quietly settled down into the Benedictine obligations and pursuits necessary for the support and maintenance of a family.

Many years afterward, and when a large bevy of younger Finks crowded the paternal fireside, old Jackson set about clearing off the huge timber which covered a district now known as the "Levels." Some of the trees were of a prodigious size, their summits having been blown off by whirlwinds and tempests leaving trunks hollow almost to the earth, with wide-gaping openings at the top. In taking down one of these of an unusual magnitude, he discovered at the bottom, protected from all vicissitudes of weather, and in a remarkable state of preservation, the charred remains and dress of a human being. There was scarcely a bone that was not fractured, and the whole mass was blackened and filled with gunpowder; and the identical woolen bag which contained the charge at the christening of Middletown was recognized, in the midst of the human ruins.

as a section of a particular petticoat once belonging to Alnea, and which her father, in his enthusiasm, had devoted to the purposes of the christening. The sad relics of the devoted, long lost Medura, were tenderly deposited in the earth, whilst tears of genuine grief from many eyes moistened the clay that was thrown over them, and to this day, the mocking-bird is "still sweetly singing o'er her grave."

An observant and philosophical friend at my elbow sagely suggests that the racing proclivities of the Middletowners of the present day may, in a measure, now be accounted for. If this be so, how powerful must be the force of early training and example.

THE FUN OF BEING PRESIDENT.

It is not an enjoyable treat some times to be the editor of a paper, and mould public opinion at so much per mould and complimentary tickets to the sleight-of-hand performances, but with its care and worry, its heartache and apprehensions, it is more comforting to the whole than being President.

When we were a boy, and sat in the front row among the pale-haired boys with checked gingham shirts at the Sabbath school, and the teacher told us to live uprightly and learn a hundred verses of the Scriptures each week so that we could be President, we thought that unruffled calm and universal approbation waited upon the man who successfully rose to be the executive of a great nation.

With years and accumulated wisdom, however, we have changed our mind.

Now we sit at our desk and write burning words for the press that will live and keep warm long after we are turned to dust and ashes. We write heavy editorials on the pork outbreak, and sadly comic, exhaustive treatises on the chin bug, whilst men in other walks of life go into the health-promoting mountains, and catch trout and woodcocks. Our lot is not perhaps a joyous one. We sweeter through the long July days when our suspenders hanging in limp festoons down over our chair, while we wield the death-dealing pen, but we do not want to be President.

Our salary is smaller, it is true, but when we get through our work in the middle of the night, and put on our plug hat and spike-toed coat and steal home through the all-pervading darkness, we thank our stars, as we split the kindling and bed down the family mule, that on the morrow, although we may be ticked by the man we wrote up to-day, our official record cannot be attacked.

There is a nameless joy settles down upon us as we retire to our simple couch on the floor and pull the cellar door over us to keep us warm, which the world can neither give nor take away.

We plod along from day to day, slicing great words of mental pabulum from our bulging intellect, never murmuring nor complaining when lawyers and physicians put on their broad-brim chip hats and go out to the breezy cautions and the shady glens to regain their health.

We just plug along from day to day, eating a hard-boiled egg on one hand while we write a scathing criticism on the sic transit gloria eunivmber with the other.

No, we do not crave the proud position of President, nor do we hanker to climb to an altitude where forty or fifty millions of civilized people can distinctly see whether we eat custard pie with a knife or not.

Once in a while, however, in the stillness of the night, we kick the covers off and moan in our dreams as we imagine that we are President, and we wake with the cold damp sweat (or perspiration, as the case may be), standing out of every pore, only to find that we are not President after all, by an overwhelming majority, and we get up and steal away to the rain-water barrel and take a drink, and go back to a dreamless, snoreless sleep.—Bill Nye.

A MEAN HUSBAND.—A meaner husband than a young physician of Chicago, as shown by testimony in court, it would be hard to find. He had a wealthy father, but dissipation had cut him off from money in that quarter, and his professional practice amounted to nothing. He married a girl who earned \$20 a week in a millinery store, and allowed her to support him. Whenever she was ill he sent her to her mother's home, in Michigan, and his letters during these periods were curious. He advised his "precious darling" to come back as soon as possible and demand an increase of pay from her employer; he urged her to try to get a railroad pass, so as to avoid expense; he thought it hard that his "own precious wife" couldn't re-engage at a higher salary, adding, "I do not hope for wealth, but God knows I do think we deserve a living;" he assured her that her "longing and loving husband" had pawned his overcoat, and was in a great hurry to see her. She worked on patiently, when able, while he made no advance in his profession. At length his father died, and he came into his inheritance. He immediately deserted his wife, got a fraudulent divorce, and married a prettier girl.

The Czar has succeeded in maintaining an absolute monarchy. But he is afraid to come out and see how it is getting along.—Burlington Huckleeye.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO, ETC.—

The Middletown Transcript.

W. SCOTT WAX, Editor & Proprietor.

\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 5, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention. Address all communications to the Proprietor.

MAUD S. trotted a trial heat in 2:11, on the Buffalo course, Wednesday.

CONKLING says this is the hottest summer he has experienced for many years.

We occasionally receive a Greenback organ to remind us that the Greenback corpse still awaits burial.

THE FALL FAIR of the Oxford, Pa., Agricultural Society will be held on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of September.

RETURNS from the election on the question of prohibition in North Carolina, held yesterday, indicate a heavy majority against the proposition.

BISHOP HAYEN, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Salem, Oregon, on Tuesday, aged 61 years. He was born in Boston, and graduated at Wesleyan University.

DEADWOOD, Dakota, had a fire Wednesday morning which caused a loss of over one \$100,000. Many families, whose houses were burned, escaped with only their night clothes.

GOVERNOR Hamilton has commenced the investigation of charges against seven of the registers of voters of Baltimore city, charged with incompetency and misconduct in office. The investigation will probably continue several days.

PROF. JOHN WYMAN, the noted magician, well known in every section of the country, died in Burlington, N. J., on Sunday. He was one of the most successful ventriloquists and expert magicians of the time. He was about 65 years of age.

ON SUNDAY last a heavy rain fell in New York city, and the hotel-keepers at the pleasure resorts in the vicinity, where preparations had been made for a big rush of people, lost heavily. It is estimated that at Coney Island alone the loss on fish, meat and vegetables reached \$50,000.

LOST, strayed or stolen, an ex-President answering to the name of "Rutherford." When last seen he was traveling toward Ohio on a pass, deeply absorbed in a tract treating of the evils of new cider. The county does not offer any reward, but will be considerably grateful for any information in regard to his whereabouts.

THE Conservative Democratic State Convention, of Virginia, met yesterday in Richmond and nominated J. W. Daniels for Governor. Resolutions were adopted declaring for the maintenance of the public credit of Virginia; denouncing repudiation, and favoring a refunding of the public debt of the State in 3 per cent bonds.

MR. BRADSHAW was on Wednesday violently removed from the lobby of the House of Commons, which he was attempting to enter. Afterwards, in addressing the delegates who had come to London to present petitions in his behalf, he said he had not quite recovered from the violence at the hands of the police, but that he intended to go to the House of Commons again, choosing his own time.

THE PRESIDENT, according to the daily bulletins from the White House, continues to improve. One or two of his physicians have gone so far as to assert that he is now out of danger, or, at least, some of the Washington correspondents say so, but what Washington correspondents say is not always strictly reliable. On Monday the poet was successfully located by Professor Graham Bell with his electric machine, called an "induction balance," but it is stated that it will not be disturbed at present. Dr. Hamilton is still with the President and expresses himself as feeling very confident that he will recover. Dr. Bliss says his voice is better, and that there is a "general improvement all around." The country now confidently expects the President to get well.

DR. GOVE SAULSBURY, ex-Governor of Delaware, died at his home in Dover on Sunday afternoon, aged 65 years. He was the second son of William Saulsbury, a farmer of Millington hundred, Kent county. Early in life he applied himself to the study of medicine and settled at Dover to practice his chosen profession. Taking an active part in politics, he was elected to a seat in the State Senate and was subsequently chosen Speaker. On the death of Governor Cannon, in 1863, Speaker Saulsbury, by virtue of his office, became Governor of the State, and in 1866 he was nominated for Governor by his party and elected over James Riddle, the Republican candidate, of New Castle county. Governor Saulsbury's term of office expired in 1870, and in '71 he entered the contest for the seat in the United States Senate, about to be vacated by his brother Willard. The Sussex delegation was "solid" for Willard, the Kent men supported Gove and New Castle was divided. The contest in the caucus was bitter, and at last Elin's name was entered as a third contestant and he was elected. Ex-Governor Saulsbury was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention last June, where he went as a staunch supporter of the Union.

All public positions with which his party honored him he filled with ability and integrity. He was a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and when

taken sick was preparing to go to London as a representative of that body in the Keuenen Council. His only child is Willard, a lad of nineteen years. A daughter, Rose, died about five years ago of consumption.

Chips.

—The first thing those women will want to do when they get to Heaven will be to hunt up a lagoon and dust pan and clean house.

—The latest diabolical scheme of the Nihilists is to present the Czar with an American toy-pistol and a piece of huckleberry pie.

—The young man at a picnic who can kiss his aesthetic girl just after she has had a quarter-section out of a huckleberry pie will make her a safe husband.

—Vennor, in his latest weather prediction, says, "Angust looks decidedly moist." If such is the case, he will oblige us by turning it over and allowing us to see the moist side of it.

—Scientists have been definitely settled the question, but we have no hesitation in advancing the opinion that more people are talked to death annually by lightning-rod agents than are killed by lightning.

—Where is my girl to-night? Pathetically asks the Williamsport Breakfast Table. All things are uncertain in this world, but you will probably find her down at the ice cream saloon, with some other fellow.

—This is the season of year when a country editor, who has just eaten six apple-dumplings for dinner and has to tackle an editorial on the "Situation in Ireland," wishes he was one of these ministers whose congregation has just voted him a six week's vacation.

—The Denton Union has a heavy editorial on the "ancient methods of dividing and naming the constellations," which it considers "utterly absurd." We think so, too, and when we get done discussing the watermelon crop, we shall join our esteemed cotemporary in asking the next Maryland Legislature to change it.

—A correspondent complains that there is not enough dignity in the columns of the TRANSCRIPT. We are sorry about this and are doing the best we can at two dollars a year—in advance, advertising rates low, and made known on application. That we were not born dignified is not our fault; we have not been able to achieve dignity and nobody has seemed willing to thrust dignity upon us. In these stringent times, we cannot afford to hire a dignified editor with eye glasses and a gold headed cane. We would probably have to pay him as much as six dollars a week.

Books and Periodicals.—The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, numbering 1,928 quarto pages, contains nearly 5,000 new words or more than 100,000 in all. These words range over the fields of science, medicine, invention, discovery, research, etc., departments which in this age are constantly yielding fresh ideas, requiring new words to express them.

That they have not been hastily compiled is evidenced by the accuracy of and careful study given to their etymology and definitions.

The intelligent reader, or any reader who would be intelligent, will find this feature of the dictionary quite indispensable.

Post Offices and Postage.

Since the date of the present administration of the Postal Department at Washington, it has been found possible, by sundry reforms, to reduce the expenditure of the same to such an extent as almost to bring it within its income. For this we are beginning to hear from different quarters a cry for the reduction of postage to two cents, or even to a uniform rate of one cent.

There are, for such reason, I have found, a number of reasons why the reduction of postage to two cents, or even to a uniform rate of one cent, is not a feasible proposition. The year ending June 30, 1879, the excess of expenditure was \$3,407,916.59 in total expenditure of \$34,407,809.45. If I remember rightly, the figures in 1880 did not vary materially from these. Certainly the deficiencies of the last ten years cannot be much less than \$25,000,000. Say what we may of Star Routes, etc., the fact is that of this excess has been incurred in supplying sparsely settled districts of our country with the mail. And there has always been a complaint, tolerably well founded, that the postal routes of the United States are compelled to pay for this. Only nine States in 1879 show an excess of receipts; four New England States, the four Middle States, and Michigan. Until Ohio, States in Ohio and Illinois can show at least an even balance, we are opposed to any reduction of postage rates.

I find among the items of expense for 1879—Postage stamps, stamped envelopes, and postal cards, \$663,935.69. Until the excess of receipts is sufficient to pay this bill, let there be no reduction of rates.

Again, I have no means at hand of determining the length of postal routes in England. In the United States I find a total length of service of 101,231 miles. If the postal routes of Great Britain and Ireland were in proportion to the relative areas of the two countries, they would only amount to about 4,000 miles.

The New York and New Jersey, give us nearly the same area as Great Britain and Ireland. These States in 1879 reported about \$2,500,000.00 excess of receipts over expenditures. The expenditure of nearly 30,000 miles in length. Can it not readily be seen that it is impracticable to secure the same results from portions of our country where the service must be more expensive, while at the same time the population is more widely scattered?

Over the United States as a whole we might more safely propose to propose the same rates over 30,000,000 of square miles of Territory, than we might over 120,000 square miles. Comparing the extent of Territory we might more safely propose to propose the same rates over 30,000,000 of square miles of Territory, than we might over 120,000 square miles.

What does the poet most desire? "He most desires fame, and a new pair of pants. If he has the pants he can wait for the fame, and if he has the fame he can do very well without the pants; without either he is unhappy."

"Is fame a nice thing for a poet to have?" "While he is alive, fame is a very excellent thing for a poet to have; but it is not much use to him after he has been dead a hundred years."

"Can anybody be a poet?" "No, but anybody can try. A great many do try, but a large majority never get any nearer being a poet than attempting to rhyme 'eventide' with 'sweet consumption.'"

"Do poets die young?" "Yes, many that have light whiskers dye young—but let us pass on to the next age and see the great ungratified hotel clerk."

The yellow fever is increasing in Havana, the deaths from that disease last week having numbered 31. A communication to the National Board of Health suggests that "United States quarantine officers cannot be too careful in examining vessels from Havana."

The Zoological Excursion.

If the day had been made to order it could not have been finer than Tuesday was, for the excursion to the Zoological Garden from Middletown; so wishing to meet my old friend of the Zoological Garden with estates, took the train at Ridge avenue, and was there in less than seven minutes. After wandering around for some time, looking at the various animals, in company with my two children, we strolled down towards the station in hopes of seeing the Middletons alight from some of the trains. We had taken possession of a comfortable bench, and the air being so pure and fresh, and the roar of the sea lions so monotonous, I liked to have forgotten where I was, when a loaded train stopped and the conductor shouted "Zoological Garden!" There they were, sure enough, for who should I see spring gracefully from the cow-catcher but my old friend Tom E. H., who had ridden all the way up on that place so as to be able to grab up any obstruction which might be on the track. We were soon surrounded by a multitude of friends, and in a few minutes the train was again on its way. The Middletons were not far from the station, and in a few minutes they were again on their way. The Middletons were not far from the station, and in a few minutes they were again on their way.

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KILLED BY THE CARS.—Henry Merke, a bridge builder, was killed at the Philadelphia bridge yesterday morning.

The deceased was at work on the side of the bridge, sawing off a piece of timber, and the 8.45 north-bound train from Chester and 8.15 south-bound train from Philadelphia approached the bridge at the same time, neither giving any alarm. The victim kept at work, and the north-bound train came upon him before he was aware of it, striking and knocking him off the bridge.

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MAUD S. TROTS AGAIN AGAINST TIME. Lightfoot August 4.—Maud S. trotted again today for a special purse of \$3,500. In the first approach to the wire fair, her driver, gave the nod and the word was given. The mare made a fine start, and speed went to the three-quarter pole in the remarkable time of 1:37. Here she broke badly and during the time she was off her feet lost so much ground that 300 yards were spent on the last quarter. The mile was made in 2:15. In the second heat the wind was very strong, but she went away with a rush on the first attempt, but the ill-timed playing of the hand caused her to lose her head and the break was so bad that Bair turned her back at the quarter pole. On the second attempt she went off in fine style and made the entire course without a slip, her running mate being kept close to her wheel all the way round. Time—Quarter, 33; half, 1:05; three-quarter, 1:39; mile, 2:10.

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THE TEMPERATURE on the beach at Long Branch, yesterday, reached 93 degrees in the shade, and two persons were sunstruck. In Chicago, yesterday, the temperature reached 96 in the shade. The temperature at St. Louis, 100; Keokuk, 98, and Des Moines, 97.

BALTIMORE WHEAT MARKET.—Receipts of the week, 214,000 bushels. Southern and 600,000 bushels Western. Shipments from elevators, 62,500 bushels; stock in elevators, 550,352 bushels. Southern wheat is in good demand, both from shippers and millers, and the market is well supplied. Flour, closing on Thursday strong at full prices. Sail cargoes sold at \$1.22-\$1.25 for Putz and \$1.23-\$1.27 for long-haul, and wagon and steamboat lots at \$1.20-\$1.25 for Putz and \$1.21-\$1.23 for long-haul.

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The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Two Dollars a Year. The Dollar for Six Months; payable in advance.
ADVERTISING RATES.—Eight cents a line for first insertion; Four cents a line for each additional insertion. One inch of space equal to twelve lines. Standing advertisements at special rates. Business Cards, notices, Ten cents a line each insertion. Obituaries and Tributes of Respect, Five cents a line. No advertisements inserted without reading matter. **42¢** No free advertising.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 5, 1881.

DELAWARE R.R.—TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLETOWN.
Going North, 7:30 A.M., 11:30 A.M., 3:30 P.M., 7:30 P.M.
Going South, 10:30 A.M., 2:10 P.M., 7:20 P.M.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Town Notes.

—G. W. W. Naudin is improving his dwelling.
—Our machinists are all very busy with repairs on agricultural machinery.
—Middletown has been largely interested in camp meeting for the past week.
—The sea-side wanderers are returning home with a healthy color and appetites in good repair.
—Col. Joseph Hanson has purchased the stock and coal business of Lord & Polk, in Middletown.
—Get your exhibits ready for the Peninsular Fair. Premium lists may be had at the office of the secretary.
—It is said that Philadelphians and New Yorkers have arrived almost at the conclusion that Delaware's peach crop was hurt a little, last winter.

—Ex-Governor John P. Cochran, Chas. Beaman, Esq., Premium lists may be had at the office of the secretary.
—Owing to the continued drought, Johnson thinks next year's grainstone crop will be short. Therefore, his grinders everybody who needs a grindstone to buy now.

—The personal property of the late B. P. Kately was sold yesterday at public sale by the administrator, S. M. Reynolds, Esq. The prices obtained were very satisfactory.
—The remains of James Williams, an aged resident of the First district of Cecil county, formerly a resident of this county, were interred at St. Anne's cemetery yesterday.

—This has been a trying week in which to get out a readable newspaper. Local happenings of importance have been few, our local correspondents have been lazy, and we haven't felt very well ourselves.

—Our Philadelphia correspondent, "Roseline," in a communication this week, gets off many good-natured jokes at the expense of some of our people in connection with the "Zoo" excursion that was "indefinitely postponed."

—A new astronomer predicts that the world, under the most favorable circumstances, will only last four thousand years longer. We sincerely hope the time will be extended a little for the benefit of the committee on providing town water.

—The advertisement of Delaware College, at Newark, and of the Conference Academy, at Dover, two very excellent educational institutions will be found in another column of the TRANSCRIPT.

Both ought to be liberally encouraged by Delawarans.
—There will be preaching at Forest Presbyterian Church on Sunday, morning and evening. The Pastor, Rev. Mr. Alexander, went to Ocean Grove early in the week, but will return on Monday. Services will also be held at the Chapel, at Armstrong's, at 3 p. m.

—The Maryland real estate of the late William Wilson, consisting of five farms (1,250 acres), and some property in the village of Warwick, will be sold at auction, in Elkton, on August 25. A full description of this real estate will be found in our advertising columns.

—Cox & Bro. say that the local demand for new carriages this year has been fully up to their capacity to manufacture. Mr. Jamison, of Warwick, also reports the same condition of affairs in his section. A new carriage is a nice thing to have in the country, when camp meetings are riding.

—Following is a list of letters remaining in the post office for the week ending August 5th, 1881, unclaimed for: John C. Boggs, 2; Charles Smith, Mrs. Mary H. Shockley, Mrs. Anna H. Wright, 2. Persons calling for the above will please send their names to D. L. Dunning, P. M.

—Another "Clyde" excursion will be run to Cape May on Wednesday next, with which trains over the Kent county, and Queen Anne's and Kent roads will connect. We have not heard definitely, but presume that a car from Middletown will make connection with the excursion at Clayton.

—It is the plain duty of the Town Commissioners to appoint an officer at least during the season of tramps. It is a disgrace to the town that drunken vagabonds should be allowed to sit along the sidewalks of the public streets. Let us have an officer, if we have to do with a little less "Church Hill" dirt on the streets.

—Rev. Mr. Murray writes us from Centerville that the Methodists are having a big camp meeting at Wye, and that there are many more there than last season. Mr. M. will be home in time to hold the Stewards Meeting Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. There will be communion services Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

—This is the season when apple-dumplings are ripe. Apple-dumplings are a good thing to have in the country, but a city apple-dumpling is a sad uncertainty. We never ate but one city apple-dumpling and it was very unsatisfactory. In the first place, the worm in the apple was hardly cooked enough to make him still, and the overcast which enveloped it was quite bad. So were you.

—This has been a warm week, particularly the last half of it. There has been a daily increase of temperature since Monday. Thursday night was probably the hottest of the season. At some points in Middletown the mercury reached 88 in the shade Thursday afternoon. The following record for the week, was made at 12 m. of each day at the store of Mr. C. Tatum: Monday, 85; Tuesday, 88; Wednesday, 90; Thursday, 93; Friday, 96.

—The long drought continues and vegetation is showing its effects to a marked extent. On Sunday and during Wednesday night there were slight showers, but hardly sufficient to lay the dust. Everybody said Blackbird camp meeting would bring an old-fashioned rain, but for once it seems to have failed. If our Middletown Methodists would run a Sunday school excursion to Bombay Hook Presbyterian church, and was a very pleasant and successful affair. The steamer "Chester" carried the party, which numbered over three hundred. The church, we learn, cleared about \$200 from the excursion. The members of our band got home about 12 o'clock last night and all say they had a good time.

—Joseph Porter, a Philadelphia traveling salesman, had a horse drowned at Collins' Beach yesterday. He was on his way to Middletown. Having landed from the steamer "Clyde," and whilst driving off the wharf, the horse became unmanageable, reared, and plunged over the railing along the side of the wharf, tearing it away and carrying driver and vehicle into the water. The horse was drowned, and Mr. Porter made a narrow escape. He is now at the National Hotel, in this town. The horse belonged to Jersey liveryman.

—The camp meeting at Blackbird, which closes to-day, has been largely attended. On Sunday carriages were passing through Middletown from daylight until dark, going campward, and Middletown was crowded with about one-fourth depopulated in the evening. Rev. Mr. Morrell, of Camden, N. J., conducted the morning services, Rev. J. S. Wiley, of Sassafras, delivered the afternoon sermon, and Rev. T. E. Bell preached in the evening. It is said there were two thousand persons on the ground during the day.

—Thirty-seven building permits were granted in Wilmington during July.

—The big cannery factory at Wilmington has only progressed as far as the foundation walls and will not be ready for operations as early as was expected.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is fixing up the Delaware city road and putting it in first-class running order. It is rumored that this road is to be extended to Port Penn.

—Rev. Hugh Hauili, a retired Presbyterian minister, residing at Newark, died on Monday, aged 73 years. He was held the charges of Elkton, Md., and Pender, in this county.

—The congregation at Drawyer's Church, Odessa, Del., have voted their pastor, Rev. Mr. Loubouh, a vacation of one month. The church will be closed until the first Sabbath of September.

—There is thought to be little hope for the early success of the scheme to build a grain elevator at New Castle. The incorporation, it is stated, have not received much encouragement from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

—One hundred and sixty-one deaths occurred in Wilmington during July, which is the highest death-record for any month in Wilmington's history, and fifty-eight higher than in 1880. The deaths from small-pox numbered twenty-six.

—The steamer "Clio" will next week begin tri-weekly trips between Odessa and Philadelphia, leaving Odessa Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Philadelphia Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, until the 20th inst., when she will resume her regular service weekly trips.

—Mr. Watkins' cannery at Odessa is ready for operations, and will commence packing tomatoes soon as they are ripe. The building is fitted with all modern machinery and improvements for packing vegetables and fruit in the best and most rapid manner, and all that Mr. Watkins wants now is the vegetables and fruit.

Much of the work of fitting up in the factory was done by Messrs. W. L. Buck & Son, of Middletown.

—A mud machine is digging \$5,000 worth of mud from the mouth of Smyrna creek.

—The train from Clayton to Bombay Hook, connecting with steamer "Clyde," has been put on again.

—Rev. William H. Hutchen, of Odessa, has been granted a four weeks' vacation. He will stay at Ocean Grove.

—Camden Camp Meeting commenced on Wednesday. There are about one hundred tents this year. Last year there were 144.

—There will be a Camp Meeting held at Rash's Woods, near Pierson's corner, commencing August 12, holding until the 22d.

—The hull of the barque "Beatrice," the vessel which was struck by lightning and burned to the water, on the Delaware, a short time ago, has been sold to a party of wreckers for \$300.

—The reunion of the First Regiment, Delaware Volunteer Militia, at Rehoboth last Friday, was attended by about 3,000 persons. During the day the companies were drilled at the camp-ground.

—The State Teachers are preparing for a large and pleasant reunion at Rehoboth, beginning on August 22d, and the mosquitoes are overjoyed at the prospect of an early dinner off the bright and pretty school marrows.

—The sugar beet raised by the Delaware Sugar Beet Company, are in a fine state of development. There will be about 5,000 tons which will mature about September 10th. The works will be started about September 1st.

—The boiler in the saw mill of Mumfords Bunting, near Franklin, Sussex county, exploded on Friday morning of last week, blowing the mill to pieces. William Parsons, the Sawyer, was killed, and D. C. Hudson, a farmer, severely injured. Low water in the boiler caused the explosion.

—As A. L. Hudson was returning from Blackbird camp meeting, Sunday evening, his horse took flight whilst passing through Smyrna, ran upon a bank and overturned the carriage. Mr. H. was slightly bruised and his daughter, Mary, received a fracture of the collar bone. The other occupants escaped unhurt.

—John M. Boyd, of Smyrna, had his pocket picked of \$40 on the train between Philadelphia and Wilmington, Saturday evening last. He did not discover his loss until he arrived at the United States Hotel, in Wilmington, when he at once entered a complaint against John Williams, a New York negro, who was arrested and held in \$300 bail for his appearance in September.

—The funeral of ex-Governor Salisbury took place yesterday at Dover and was attended by people from all parts of the State. Rev. Dr. Caldwell officiated and read a sketch of the life of the deceased. The pall bearers were: Chief Justice Comings, Jas. Williams, Thomas Denny, William R. Cahoon, James G. Waples, Robert Rawley, William Clark and Charles W. Wharton. The attendance of friends in carriages was very large. The body John Williams, a well-known citizen of Kent county, died of paralysis Sunday night.

—John E. Ferguson was the first appointed register of voters for the Peninsular Fair, of Cecil county, vice John Wroth, deceased.

—The Annual Pony Penning will take place at Chincoteague Island on Wednesday, August 10th, at which time all the ponies on the two islands will be present and sold at public and private sale.

—On Saturday last, A. E. Weedon and B. Palmer Keating, Esqs., as trustees, sold the farm of William B. Goodhand, on Kent Island, containing 170 acres, to Henry A. Palmer, for \$30,000 per acre, aggregating \$5,100,000.

—T. W. Ellison, of Chestertown, has purchased of R. Hinson, trustee, and all say they had a good time.

Mrs. H. L. Welch, the old Welch home, supposed to contain 352 acres, for a little less than \$200 per acre, for an aggregate of about \$33,000.

—Government surveyors have recently made a survey of Back creek, Cecil county, for a ship canal route. The Government intends to make three surveys: the Back creek and Elk river, the Sassafras, and the Choptank rivers in time to make the report for the next Congress.

John R. H. Embert, has, as far as heard from, received the largest yield of wheat in this country. He put in twenty acres of fallow, one-half being stubble fallow, and measured up and shipped 70 bushels, an average yield of 35½ bushels per acre.

—Centerville Observer.
—James T. McCullough, Esq., of Elkton, was assaulted on Saturday last by Captain W. G. Purnell. The difficulty between the parties began in the campaign of last fall, and was recently revived by Mr. McCullough's taking an active part in preventing the appointment of Captain Purnell to a position in the Interior Department.

—Creameries.
Why not establish a creamery at Middletown? Certainly there is no better point for one on the Peninsula, and creameries, where they have been tried, have been pronounced a good thing. Our farmers keep a great many cows and ought to keep more. Fruit is unsatisfactory in our country, we should say that we are all our farmers acknowledge, does not pay satisfactory returns to the grower. Therefore, the farmer considers the outlook a little dark, and if we know anything about creameries, and we have read much about their successful and satisfactory management in other sections of our country, we should say that we are all our farmers acknowledge, does not pay satisfactory returns to the grower. 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The Middletown Transcript

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 5, 1881.

THE PLEASANT DANCE.

O, the pleasant dance,
Dreary dip!
As through melodious measures merry men
And maidens skip;
With their graceful gunfactions,
How they come and go in sections!
How calmly in places they saloon to the tunes,
More quiet than the Irish jig!
And the glory of escutcheon and of station
Disappears.
As they skip, skip, skip, skip, skip,
'Neath the terror and the tremor of the
shaking chandeliers,
As they trip, trip, trip, trip, trip,
To the music of the Boston-cotton dip!

—Springfield Republican.

KNOTT-HE, BUT NICE.

BY E. E. E.
Says Reuben Knott unto his fair,
In language burning hot,
"Matilda, do you love me, dear?"
Says she, "I love you, Knott."
"Oh, say not so," again he cried,
"Oh, share with me my lot!"
Says she, "You will be my bride!"
Says he, "I'll wed you, Knott."
"Oh, cruel fair, to serve me so!"
I love you well, you see."
"I could not wed you, Reuben," said she,
"For then I should be Knott."
A light breaks in on Reuben's mind,
And in his arms she's got.
She looks demurely in his face,
And says, "Pray kiss me, Knott."
—Boston Transcript.

CHIPS.

A Brooklyn young man calls his sweetheart "Silence," because when he wants to kiss her she "gives consent."—*Wit and Wisdom.*
A mother who is very fond of taking her children sailing, says she always does so when there is a spanking breeze, as it keeps them in good order.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The toy pistol is doing more to kill off our youth than all the cigarettes and green apples that grow. The toy pistol is a son-of-a-gun.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

Several Texans are in jail at Leadville. We have always observed that, no matter where Texans may be, they move in the very best society the place has.—*Texas Siftings.*

Wonderful indeed are the workings of the cooling apparatus now employed at the White House, in Washington. It is stated on good authority that a cow which pastures under the President's window now gives ice cream.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Great editors as a rule, dress very plainly. They have no desire to be mistaken for six dollar a week clerks.—*Philadelphia News.* Alas! How true! Here, James, run over and see if those pants are colored yet. If they are, get them, and tell the man we'll see him in the future.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"If you find a locomotive rushing at you," says a Virginia authority, "spring into the air and come down on the cowcatcher." This might injure the cowcatcher. A better plan would be to jump into the air and let the train pass under you. It requires a little practice at first.—*Norristown Herald.*

Young folks will be pleased to learn that another comet is on its way here. In order that she may see it, it will be necessary for him to put his arm around her neck and point out the heavenly visitor, occasionally placing his eyes close to hers to see if she is looking in the right direction.—*Boston Transcript.*

We have dragged out a miserable existence for the past week without the Sunny Clime, of Texas, and we think if the watermelon and soda water crop hold out, perhaps we can wear ourselves out on our great consuming love for the Jolly Old Jackass of the Sunny South. At least we are going to try it with superhuman strength.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

Clara writes to ask if we can recommend anything for a sore throat. Why, yes, Clara, bless your dear little heart, flannel's an excellent thing—have it made up into a coat sleeve, and get some young fellow to hold it on for you; then it hangs on better and is more effective. It is said sometimes to be cheaper than rye and rock.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Jacob C. Schaefer owns a "singing cat," and a local paper thinks it is a great curiosity. It is not, however, unless its voice was cultivated abroad in some five-thousand-a-year conservatory. There are hundreds of singing cats right here in this town, but their voices lack culture, and when they warble a selection from Faust; it is difficult to distinguish it from a solo on the bagpipes, and the audience through everything but bouquets at the performers. Mr. Schaefer can keep his singing cat—keep it quiet, if he can.—*Norristown Herald.*

When is a horse like a business man in trouble? When he breaks.—*Philadelphia Sun.* When is like a miner? When he is working in the shafts.—*Stevensville Herald.* When is like a man selecting a cheese? When he has a bit in his mouth.—*Baton.* When is he like a lover? When he is going on a swinging gate.—*Yonkers Statesman.* When is he like a young lady out shopping? When he is driven home by the reins.

Chaff. When is he like a negro entry clerk? When he is a coal black chap.—*Yonkers Statesman.* When is he like a drunken man? When he is the staggers.—*Elevated Railway Journal.* When is he like a New York paragon? When he is a ten cent lunch counter. When he is getting away with the tongue.—*Yonkers Statesman.* And when is he like a man who is being hanged? When he is high strung.

PREJUDICE KILLS.—"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians who gave her disease various names, but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had hoped for for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents.—*Telegram.*

A NEW song is entitled "How They Parted." We have not read it, but no doubt they parted in the usual way—about two a. m., after kissing each other "good night" at least thirty-seven times. "Well, I guess I must go," he says, with a sigh, about two hours before he does go. Then, after another half hour's conversation about one thing and another, he presses her hand with much pressiveness, says he really must go, and lovingly lingers another half hour. Then he says he didn't know it was so late, picks up his hat and moves toward the door, where he puts his arm around her to prevent her from falling in a swoon, and kisses her five times in one inning—and still lingers. Then he gives her one more kiss for luck and reluctantly steps down an out into the black, lonesome night, and calls around the next night. That is how they parted years ago—if we have not been misinformed.—*Norristown Herald.*

A CHICAGO BROKER'S HAPPY INVESTMENT.—Lewis H. O'Connor, Esq., whose office is located at 93 Washington street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune. "I have been suffering, said Mr. O'Connor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, believed to be from the effects of a cold contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago, I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil, applied it at night before retiring and to-day feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief and now feel no pain whatever."—*Chicago Journal.*

Patti is going to come to America and sing, charging \$20 for a seat. If there is enough interest in music here to get up a subscription sufficient to send a delegate to New York to hear her, and come back and sing to the persons who subscribe, as near like Patti as possible, we will go as said delegate, and report on our return. Very few people have heard our sing like Patti, and lived.—*Peck's Sun.*

NO HOSPITAL NEEDED.—No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do for you, as they tell their own story, by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent.*

Miscellaneous Advs.

KIDNEY WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM

As is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It dissolves the system of the acid point that causes the gradual suffering which only the victims of this disease can realize. THOUSANDS OF CASES of this worst form of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY WORT
has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the country. In hundreds of cases where the sufferer has been in despair, it has been a life-saver. It is a mild, but efficient, CERTAINLY IN ACTION, but harmless in all cases. The natural action of the kidneys is restored. The liver is cleansed of all disease, and the bowels move freely and healthily. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that it is the most efficient remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions, it should be used in every household as a preventive of all diseases. It is a mild, but efficient, CERTAINLY IN ACTION, but harmless in all cases. The natural action of the kidneys is restored. The liver is cleansed of all disease, and the bowels move freely and healthily. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

KIDNEY WORT
Always cures RHEUMATISM, CONSTITUTION, LIVER AND ALL FEMALE AFFECTIONS. It is the best in Dry Vegetable Form, in fact, one package of which makes a quart of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily procure it. Trade with confidence. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE \$1.00 BOTTLE. RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's. Will send the dry powder, FREE, by mail.

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Professional.

THOMAS DAVIS.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

No. 2 WEST SEVENTH ST.,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Special attention to Roads and Collections.

G. W. CRUICKSHANK,

Attorney at Law,

(North street), ELKTON, Mo.

Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him.

JOHN BIGGS,

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No. 4, WEST 7TH STREET,

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Prompt attention given to the Collection of Claims.

DR. THOS. H. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,

Feb. 14-ly.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS

Notary Public,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

W. N. WILSON,

FIRE INSURANCE AND

CONVEYANCING,

OFFICE AT

MIDDLETOWN HOTEL.

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ELLIOTT, JOHNSON & CO.,

BANKERS & BROKERS,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

WE DESIRE to call special attention to our superior facilities over Philadelphia houses in executing orders for the purchase and sale of stocks and all securities, in that our office is now connected with the New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, and Washington. Quotations will be cheerfully furnished by wire, and our daily letter, and closing prices sent by mail every evening to any one desiring them.

Local securities bought and sold. Cash ready for good first mortgages at both 6 and 8 per cent.

Commission Merchants.

WM. J. WOOD.

JOSEPH T. STILES

WITH

STRUTHERS & WOOD.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

228 North 2nd Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

QUICK Sales, Good Prices, Prompt Returns.

Correspondence invited. Consignments Solicited. Send for shipping cards or Stencil Labels by Perfection to W. J. Stiles, or W. R. Kempton & Co., Dry Goods, 27 Market Street, N. Y. or J. H. Hanson, Farmer, Hancock, N. Y. First National Bank, Camden, N. J. Chas. Willis, Farmer, Haddonfield, N. J. Thompson & Binns, Wholesale Grocers, 7 & 8 Arch Street, Phila.

AGENTS FOR

DEVINNY'S SPECTACLES.

J. B. FOARD

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FOARD & COMBES

Grain Commission Merchants,

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL,

Lime, Fertilizers,

AND

Agricultural Implements,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sole Agents for

D. M. OSBORN'S

SELF-BINDING HARVESTER,

Six and Seven and Eight Feet Cut

Mowers and Reaping Machines,

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, have for sale

STAR and VICTOR Horse Rakes,

JUST RECEIVED a car load of the celebrated

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES,

Rambo's Celebrated Lime

For Sale as Low as the Lowest.

AGENTS FOR THE

Acme Pulverizing Harrow.

Call and examine goods at our warehouse, opposite the National Hotel. mar27-ly

ROOFING!

WE DESIRE TO CALL THE ATTENTION of those who are about to build or repair, to our superior facilities for doing all kinds of

Metal Roofing

at short notice and in the very best manner.

THE BEST MATERIAL

used and the work carefully done.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Estimates cheerfully furnished.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges

—AND—

SLATE MANTELS,

—of the newest designs always in store.—

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SELF-BINDING HARVESTER,

Six and Seven and Eight Feet Cut

Mowers and Reaping Machines,

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FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES,

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